SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Contributions.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post
The Stranger's Tribute.

CAN I forget that friendly smile?
The beam of that liquid eye,
That could my wand'ring steps beguile
And soften sorrow's wail?
Ah, no! a stranger's gratitude,
A stranger's tender feeling
Breath'd in his midnight solitude,
Is to tribute he may give.

Why should he think thee for that smile,
Whose very heartless wound?
For words of pleasant, where cared guile
In long ting echoes sound?
Who should he thank thee for a glance
Of idiot vacancy,
Where vanity lacks heart entrance
And classic feeling sighs?

The manner upon the deep,
With it he not recognize lost,
Mid many believe that we sleep
But still on mouth tossed,
Mere sea or shipmate, a star
Beyond the clouded sky
To guide him to his home after
With power denying eye.

He will remember, when alone,
The hour of joy fled soon,
As I remember, the theatre gone
Those were deep radiant noon.
It is common belief that we grieve—
Third small, it lady bright
To whom my heart in Time's dull tale
Aand the stranger sight.

For that the stranger—or his way—
Now thanks thee, lady fair,
And will no time this humble lay
Be dear to thee,
That will forget him—Be it so!
Adieu—no more for thee.
The prospects should with promise glow,
Leave him her memory!

From the Saturday Evening Post
THE TWO BANKRUPTS,
OR,
Happiness in Affliction Dependent on Woman.

BY J. C. HEDLEY, ESQ.

Chained be silence, the sister of each extreme
Here woke he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not—he could not speak
To name the wither'd heart that would not break.

Montague Cromon and Charles Murray had grown up together. Their friendship had increased during their college years, and their intimacy continued during their apprenticeship to the mercantile life, for which their fathers had respectively destined them. The former, a merchant of wealth had successfully overcome by both, and we see them, at an early age, commencing their career as merchants. Montague Cromon had been taken into partnership by his father—a wealthy gentleman, who wished to retire from active business, and enjoy the comforts of his labors. Montague had gained himself considerable credit and reputation, during a large capital at his command, found himself becoming a fortune without the many struggles that usual the lifetime of low wealthy men. His connections in society were such as to entitle him to a welcome in any mansion, and he was courted by all the wealthy families, by many of the most agreeable qualities, others on account of his wealth. He had not, however, been many years among the scenes of his native city, before his heart became enamored by a lady, not famous for her beauty, but celebrated for her intellectual endowments and her splendid dispositions. Brought up in luxury and splendor, it was surprising that she should have valued the show of wealth as little as she did. Nor seemed never led away by any personal pride. Of this her early and constant study and every thing according to intrinsic worth and merit. These very characteristics fascinated him. He learned to love her better, the more he discovered her, and we find him at last a married man, to the surprise of all his club associates, who deemed Miss Montague Cromon a confirmed "young bachelor."

Charles Murray had not been born to the high ancestral honors of wealth. His father was a merchant, though he often frequented the same circles, and being so much with Cromon and his set, became at last identified with them. His personal beauty and elevation enabled him soon to become a great favorite in this fashionable circle. He was in business, though not possessed of the fortune, or command of means that had fallen to the lot of Montague Cromon, yet making a gradual fortune by his industry and economy. He often received essential aid from his home friends, who were ever willing to give him every assistance in his power. He, too, would needs marry. In the selection of his wife he had not studied the mind of the character and acquaintance with human nature so successfully applied by Montague Cromon. Murray selected a fashionable, and at the same a engaging belle, reported wealthy, and fond of show and luxury. Alas! her reputed fortune was but a shadow, and, although much admired by all her acquaintance, he would be unable to support her extravagance and splendor out of the limited profits of his business. Matters had gone on for three years married life on the false basis of connection that she would resign her fond mode of life, and accommodate herself to Western home. Mr. Murray, however, found it a vain hope. He was deceived. Mrs. Murray had her carriage, because Mrs. Cromon drove hers; Mrs. Murray had her balls and dinner parties, because Mrs. Cromon did the same. Charles expostulated with his wife, who always found a way of meeting the fears of her husband, and promised often and often to reform. Still she led the fashion, dressed in all the rich inventions of French and English manufacture, and every one wondered how she could afford it.

Murray found himself led into expenses which he could but ill support, and endeavored to relieve himself by borrowing. He found great resistment in those new operations, and his success at first made him cheerful. His wife thought him the most delightful of all husbands, and kept a good house in such spirits, and continued to move on in all the gaiety, extravagance, and heartlessness of the fashionable life.

Montague Cromon had collected about him, soon after the lunacy mood had waned, all the old friends and set that he had formerly associated with, and his house was always the scene of joyous mirth and happiness. His wife entered into all his ways, and was the delight of his heart. She was a home attractive, not to the world at large, but to her own husband, and to those whom he loved. This gaiety, which, however, did not withdraw Montague from his domestic circle, but from his mercantile duties, soon led him to pass his evenings with his friends abroad. His wife exercised a will over him. She knew he could not lead such a life, and saw him somewhat excited on his return home, whenever he had dined out, or had been to the club. She grieved over it, but did not upbraid—she feared in hopes of his seeing the folly of such a life, and reforming of his own accord. She little knew at that moment that she had also assumed to check his present career.

Among the intimate friends of Cromon was a young lawyer, a great favorite in society, and a particular and intimate associate of himself and his wife. This gentleman, young Alfred Ingham, had been much at the house of Montague, and had observed his absence from home during the early part of the evenings, and also his excited state of mind on his return. He ventured to speak about the matters he read on his wife's countenance, when she saw him enter her presence in that state, and ventured to depict the sorrow he might bring upon his home, known at the most agreeable and fascinating in society. To all this Montague assented, and said he loved his wife as ardently as ever; he was so much attached to his home; but that he had again fallen into habits of association, and he would break them off at once, and lead his former domestic life. It was acted in accordance now to do so. Montague made the effort; he passed several evenings at his own fireside; he listened with delight to his wife's songs and instrumental, and said he was much happier than then at his club. A bear started to her eye,—she kissed him, and said, "Now, my dear Montague, this I am sure will happen when you are near me, and at home." It was fair, and as he went to bed he rendered upon it a friendship.

Soon, however, his home lacked the excitement of the club, he thought he would only step down to see how the boys were getting on, he had in the newspapers, and return in one hour. He went, and the old associations were steamed. The whist, the glass of wine, and the passing social duke, soon drew him to continue to the midnight, and he returned again excited at midnight. "It is all over for another week," said Alfred to Mrs. Cromon; "I expect him if I can, dear Mary, so dry up your tears, treat him with kindness, for he loves you as ardently as ever, I am sure. This temporary fascination of the club house keeps him for a time only from his home. He will soon get tired of his life there, and returns fully prepared to appreciate you and your domestic circle once more." "I hope, Alfred, your predictions may prove true," replied Mrs. Cromon, "for I observed his absence deeply."

Charles Murray was no constant an attendant at the club as Montague Cromon; played more frequently, and was more engaged in play. One evening than Montague did in a week. His excitement in speculations led given him this turn for gaming, and although the value of the club limited the sum of the bet, yet Murray was soon the less who continuously went the value of the limit on a game of whist.

How did he appear on the scene at his home, compared with that of his friend Montague. No tears bedimmed the eye of his wife during his absence from home to the theatre, to the ball, to parties, to concerts, attended by a dozen fashionable lie songs to musician and whisker, white gloves and gentlemen, light coats and associated with cravats, who knew of no topics of conversation but the last opera, the last ballet dancer, or the ruling fashion of the latest month—dressed to ball, commenced tot trotting between and street display, or unprincipled intrigue. Such beings were formed the threshold of Mrs Cromon's mansion, and her husband gladly retreated them to be invited on great occasions. Her esteem was that of intellect, accomplishments and friends. At home Mrs. Murray was unsolicited on all the gaiety, and fashion, and never failed to have a crowd of these fashionable men about her. Murray always found the change of his home, and his evening, which was generally at a late hour, was the signal for breaking up. He seemed delighted that they should be there to amuse his wife with the excitements of his wife, since it gave him an opportunity of mingling as long at his cards as his fellow friends.

Among the constant frequenters of his wife's drawing room, was a handsome fellow—of wealth and education. A bachelor of some years standing, he had been the fashionable beau of society, and was known to have the fashionable, but not of an enjoyable, and his associations with such men as the continued had impressed him with an idea, that it was fine thing to be married, and that one man who could be made the victim of his passions, was to be attached without the least concern and compliance. Mr. Murray was the man of fashion, the beauty of all the ball-room, and consequently the very person to attract him, since nature had endowed the stranger with the very of his existence, and gave him a certain relish which he most ardently desired. Young William Montague, for such was his name, commenced an acquaintance with Mrs. Murray, which soon ripened into intimacy when invited first to the happiness of all concerned. He drew the attention of Murray to the fashionable dress. His natural love of ornament enabled him soon to become a great favorite in this fashionable circle. He was in business, though not possessed of the fortune, or command of means that had fallen to the lot of Montague Cromon, yet making a gradual fortune by his industry and economy. He often received essential aid from his home friends, who were ever willing to give him every assistance in his power. He, too, would needs marry. In the selection of his wife he did not study the mind of the character and acquaintance with human nature so successfully applied by Montague Cromon. Murray selected a fashionable, and at the same a engaging belle, reported wealthy, and fond of show and luxury. Alas! her reputed fortune was but a shadow, and, although much admired by all her acquaintance, he would be unable to support her extravagance and splendor out of the limited profits of his business. Matters had gone on for three years married life on the false basis of connection that she would resign her fond mode of life, and accommodate herself to Western home. He would make

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Steadily Ascends Mississippi.

THE FAIRY LAKE.—On the second day of our journey our first sight of the mountains which encircles the valley of Tuxo, and stretches away to Bexar? Oh, what sensations a day can produce! The perspectives all be reader and progress extremely slow and dangerous, we resolved at last the summit of the gigantic hill we were climbing. Here we rested an hour by the side of a spring, the water of which was so intensely cold, that to describe a wager previously made with one of the Brunish sutlers, who attempted in vain to swallow three draughts of it successively. Tall, white, stately wood trees grew here, straight and arrow-like, piercing into the sky; the aspen with its delicate leaves fluttering eternally, when not even a zephyr sighed around the mountain top; and low thickets of pine and scrubby oak formed a singular pleasing contrast to the lofty and majestic trees which soared above them. From this sylvan we pursued our way, now winding around the side of some towering peak, now descending, and again ascending, now in the full light of glorious day upon the summit and again plunging into the deep shadow of the ravine, until in the very heart of the mountains a scene opened before us as beautiful as the brightest of fancy ever formed.

The rough Spaniards who were our companions had eyes for beauty; and though they could not understand our enthusiasm of surprise and pleasure, yet they had looked in our faces for tokens of admiration, and they now told us that we were actually treading in the *sierra de las Escalera*, or fairy land. Well did it deserve that name, and had we been asked to christen it, we would never have thought of giving it any other. A circular hollow of some three or four miles in circumference, lay like a shallow cup in the breast of the mountain, and in the centre slept a lake without a ripple or wave on its glassy surface. Swans, white as the snow flakes of the distant crags, were floating on the silent water, and a dreamy repose hung over the scene, which, like the influence of a spell, subdued our voices into whispers, as in rapt admiration we gazed upon the fairy lake.

The Fairy Lake! Strange how vividly that beautiful sheet of water rises before the writer's vision at this moment! From the summit, as we descended, it was a sheet of burnished gold, nearer, it was an unruffled mirror, reflecting back the heavens. All around the lake and down to the water's edge, and beneath the water, grew a carpet of grass, silken soft, close, and green as the sea. It was about a foot and a half high when left to its length, but as it fell gracefully, that height from the ground did not exceed ten or twelve inches. Here our path was completely lost, but the Spaniards knew well how to regain it at another point. Two parallel lines were traced, worn by hunters from the valley who were in the habit of crossing it at places beyond, in pursuit of buffalo, formed the guide by which our steps were directed, and here in fairy land, as if forbidding the approach of mortal feet, the thighs were hidden by the gigantic green carpet of those fairies' dancing ground, and indeed it seemed to us as sacreting of sacrilege to disturb the beautiful grass with the rude hoofs of our horses and mules.

We rode in silence to the edge of the lake and there paused in mute admiration of the sun's ray we saw beneath us. The white swans sat motionless upon the water with their graceful forms scattered in the glassy sheet below, until a wild bird screamed from a blasted pine whose twisted root clung to an overhanging rock upon the opposite side of the lake, when they hastily moved away, yet so gently that scarcely a ripple was seen upon the water as they swam. When the bird screamed, a deer, that would otherwise have remained undisturbed by us, sprang from the water's brink with lusty bounds across the velvet grass and up the cliff behind us. Two rifle shots instantly discharged at the deer "making burgher of this desert city," and instantly, like the shifting of a kaleidoscope, the scene changed. From behind every rock and cliff arose an army, and hundreds of creatures that were before unseen, now started from the emerald couch where they had been basking in the sunshine, and sped with startled haste up the surrounding mountains. The scene which a moment before seemed void of life and spell bound in silence, now for a moment exhibited the reverse of all upon the lake the swans moved and life were shared, and lonely silence had again usurped her reign.

Like a shale of gold had upon a circumference of emerald, by the Fairy Lake—a lake formed from the melted snow of the mountain peaks and exhibiting thousands of feet above the level of the sea. An impression seems to be prevalent that our "Sketches" are related somewhat with the wonders of imagination, but any reader who feels such an opinion is as unjust to himself as he is to the writer. All descriptions of scenery contained in these hasty reminiscences are literally correct, and the writer only regrets his inability to find expression sufficiently vivid to convey the surprise and delight of actual observation.

The writer is not aware of any former traveller having ever spoken of this particular region of the western wilderness, and though he wishes to depart from the ordinary form of narrative, he is very loth that his scribblings, rude and unstudied as they are, should be deemed unworthy of record.

This lake, which the course smugglers denominate as the "fairy water," lies high among the mountains of the mountains, between the grassy plains and the Texas valley, and shadows in them smiled by the smiling of snow in the spring time, it helps to form those mountain torrents which leap the rocky cliffs and traverse the valley to mingle with the Missouri and Mississippi, and roam the streets of New Orleans as at this present writing. It is sadly destructive to the poetry of the thing to be sure to think so, yet the humble journalist now often thinks, while making a long step through a muddy gutter, of his mountain's wandering in the far west and that beautiful sheet of water in the mountains known as The *Fairy Lake*.

Congress and Theatres.

The following extract from the journals of Congress during the revolutionary war may well interest and instruct our readers. The character of too many of that body at present is a strange commentary upon the strict morality of their fathers.

From the Pennsylvania Packet, Oct. 17, 1778.

In Congress, October 16, 1778.

Whereas, frequenting Play-houses and Theatrical entertainments, has a tendency to divert the minds of the people from a due attention to the means necessary for the defence of their country and the preservation of their liberties,

Resolved, That any person holding an office under the United States, who shall act, promote encourage, or attend such plays, shall be deemed unworthy to hold such office, and shall be accordingly dismissed.

Ordered, That this resolve be published

[A true copy from the journals.]

MOSES YOUNG,
Secretary to the Board of Congress.

Plagiarisms.

We often see notes published by newspapers in the editorial, as original communications, and most definitive signatures. We know how impossible it is for an editor to be always on the alert, and indeed in such exceptions impose serious in half of the game. Such a plagiarism we have just noticed in the Illinois Republican of "Lost and Won," a sketch which appeared many years ago in a London Periodical, and was subsequently re-published in this country. We do not desire editor by his forget on "Saturday," the perpetrator of the aforesaid robbery?

Silhouette Likenesses.

We would call the attention of our readers to the proposed Sale of excellent Land in Illinois, advertised in our paper of to-day. It is worthy the attention of those who think of settling in the far West.

Saturday Evening Post.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1840.

☞ THE POST, under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the family perusal. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a mother would not wish her daughter acquainted. It shall ever call the blush to the cheek of innocence, or fervent maternal joy to the eye of virtue. Actuated with this view, it will ever be firmly, and studiously, Christian in its principles, and unqualified to injure the healthy tone of its moral mind—to creative of sinful tone—nourishing it tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact.

Irish and Protestantism.

The condition of Ireland, for more than fifty years, has pained the heart of every doctor of holy race. Possessed of every requisite to make a noble people, with a rich country rolling in hill and plain around them, protected by their insular position from all danger of a foreign invasion, and living under a climate peculiarly adapted to health and longevity, they were yet among the most abject wretched of the land, poor, timid, lies, despised, and trampled on by all, living supperently only for their passions, caring nothing for the future, crowded into miserable cabins, and their old hence crushed out of their sods, and dragging on a miserable existence amid beggary and crime. Their last resource was that of a needy people. Such was Ireland; but such is Ireland no more. It seemed as if she had sold herself, body and soul, to the domineering land; and had cast off her purity, and grovelled in the dust; as if God had given her over in anger, to drink of the wine of her fornications. But a new spirit has risen among them—a spirit of love and not of slave, their shackles have fallen off, and they have sprung to the ground free and disenthralled—What has produced the transformation? Not the might of man; not the incantations of magic, not even the power of her holy priesthood,—but the irresistible moral influence of the *Temperance Reform*.

The spectacle presented by this mighty change has no rival in the history of nations. A great moral revolution, has been worked out in a day. A whole people have been raised from the dust, filled anew with the life of virtue, and made to stand erect in the face of improvement, civilization, and ultimate triumph. As if by the wave of a magician's wand, the whole moral surface of society has been transformed from the deepest pollution, almost to comparative innocence and peace.

Stripped of the veil which sealed the bright now of its glory the nobleness of the Irish character now shines forth in all its beauty. Nature itself seems to partake in the reflexion. Her very vales appear to join in the general joy, and her mountains lift up their voices in exultation. The fields smile lighter and more gaily than in days of old; the sun floods her plains with a more seducing light; her rivers leap and sing along as they never sang before; and the air of Ireland, even here on her shores peals out an anthem of rejoicing such as has not been heard since the waves lifted up their voice of yore, and the morning stars sang together. Ireland is disenthralled! In the exulting language of her poet we may say

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Erin's dark sea
Israel's free daughter her voyage to be."

This may seem hyperbole to some: to others as to us, it is only truth. The transformation produced in that unhappy country by the Temperance reform is almost a fore-shadowing of that prophetic time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the child shall play upon the viper's nest. The moral has begun to act on the physical world. The regeneration of her people already has begun to make the waste places glad; the rare, a greater regard for law, and a consequent advance in the scale of civilized society. Instead of those beggarly cabins which once met the eye, a neat and tasty country in a greater than Egyptian darkness, we now behold cultivated fields, and verdant landscapes adorning every side of their once desolate hills. A sober population, a warm hearted people; fields groaning under abundant crops; and a nation filled with happiness, contentment, and virtue from the highest to the lowest, in place of a beggard peasantry, a land of insurrectionary subjects, vast plains of unproductive waste, an organ—a where and no spot of green, a people clad daily for the mastery. What a revolution—what a spectacle of moral grandeur! Has not the Temperance reform fulfilled the saying of the scriptures that "a nation shall be born in a day"?

The Fine Arts.

The Artist's Fund Society.

We resume again our remarks upon this year's collection of pictures. They seem to lose none of their interest from the time they have been on exhibition. The hall is always crowded in the evenings, but the afternoon is our favorite time for strolling around the room, as the mellow light of that period of the day displays the paintings to the best advantage.

No. 31. *Portrait of a lady*, by *Lambdin*.—A beautiful face, in the artist's best style. Why such pose it without a handkerchief?

No. 37. *The Mantilla*, by *Sully*.—An excellent picture. The artist, however, has not, to our eye, been as successful here as in some of his other productions. The drawing of the arms is incorrect, and faults of Mr. Sully are equally perceptible in this picture as in his portraits—there is the same characteristic of the face, and the same carelessness in the details,—the same exquisite coloring, and the same hasty drawing.

No. 40. *Original Sketches Portrait of Washington, &c, by R. Peale.*—Every one admires this, though not wholly faultless. The French school is perceptible in it. Fresh from Versailles, and the principal actors, and the minutest trifles are finished with the last skill.

No. 114. *The Weary Traveller by P. Rothermel.*—An easy, graceful sketch. The old man has passed upon the highway, and leans forward in a quiet attitude, his grey hair falling over his shoulders, his hat cast aside, all beside him, while the tree, milestone, and darker shadows are grouped almost him with excellent taste, and the rich color of the evening sky is thrown in behind, make up the fitting back ground. Mr. R. is a young artist, but he touches his pieces with much taste. He does not perhaps possess the genius of the few, but he may yet make a better painter than many of them, merely from his taste, and assiduity.

No. 125. *Lone Scene, England*, by *G. Jones, R. A.*—A pretty piece, with many beauties, and but it is far from being devoid of many faults. One of the painter from the monasteries of Shaw. There is a rich quiet—if we may use the term—about "The Lone Scene," furnished pleasing to the eye, and the artist had favored the exhibition with more of his productions.

No. 134. *May Morning*, by *C. C. Thompson.*—A pretty piece, but looking like a little country girl, such a one as many a time in "auld lang syne" has chased one over the verdant fields, or rambled in her best bonnet and beneath one's chair. She has just passed from a race, and is leaning listlessly forward. How deliciously inviting! Would that all the productions of the pencil of the artist has produced a picture so clashy and too often trifling.

No. 139. *The Hay Family, Gouda.*—What beside, what expression, what beauty in every look! After all it takes an Italian woman to inspire a painter, for no others can awaken such dreams of brightest and a better world, as the face which glow from the canvass of Raphael and Guido. Hazlitt said West never painted a head to his life, and if he had extended the remark to half the modern wonders, he would still have been right A single face, like those of Titian, like many real grandeur in a than series of canvass, covered with tawdry figures. And yet though now in now reasserting her supremacy your modern painters ten years ago were all the rage. We venture to predict that Haydn and West will see all their ventures will after all scarcely carry off the palm from those old rascals of Italians.

Nos. 150, 156, 159, 160. All seriously bad.

No. 161. *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by *J. Wildman.*—But here is our friend Gosky, with his good humored countenance, speaking in every line of the canvass. We don't like the hat, however, and we are sure it is not in keeping with his character, to keep it on whole so many fair faces are passing at him.

No. 180. *Portrait of a Lady*, by *J. Lambdin.*—An excellent likeness in the exhibition. A good picture.

No. 232. *Portrait of Gen. Wolf*, by *Kyle.*—An excellent picture. Mr. Kyle, is an artist of considerable merit.

No. 365. *The Greek Girl*—miniature—by *Osborne.*—A fine, bold, splendid face, with large liquid eyes, and an expression that reminds one of the Grecian beauty, but wanting the finish of the miniatures in the room. So also is its companion, number 367.

No. 366. *Portrait of an Artist*—miniature—by *Officer.*—The most delicate miniature on exhibition, unless the two subsequently to be named by the fickle end. The artist has caught the light and shade is admirable. The countenance is portrayed with unfeignable delicacy—looking can read the fidelity with which the ivory and eb-ish cheek are transferred to the ivory. The shadow cast by the former across the face of the artist, gives a fine effect to the picture.

No. 398. *Magdalen*—miniature—*Siga Nardus.*—The exquisite thing is only surpassed by "Ivory," the next picture in the catalogue, by the same delicate pencil. It is impossible to imagine any thing more beautiful than the carnation of the two miniatures. Ivory is copy after Guido, and the other after Carlo Dolci.

No. 422. *Daguerreotype Likeness*, by *Walcutt.*—Stated as the latest result of the late astonishing discovery, the Daguerreotype. The fidelity of the likeness is unexceptionable, but as the daguerreotype has no power to transfer the effect solely by light and shade, we do not consider it will ever become popular.

No. 435. *Medic head*, by *C. J. Mendell*, by *Hugh Cannon.*—This is very well executed. It does credit to the artist as well as to the patron. We must now close these desultory remarks. The artists of Philadelphia have reason to be proud of the collection, though there is still room enough for improvement, in almost every branch of their professions. There are, in short, a few good pieces in the Hall; but there are, we confess, many wretched ones. But let them pass on. Let them remember a harlequin but true saying, "*ni mediocres ni dieux ont.*"

The Anniversaries.

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The anniversary of this Association in the city, clerical and lay, and a very large congregation, assembled on Tuesday afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church, on Washington Square.

At four o'clock, the chair was taken by Alexander Henry, Esq. President of the Union.

The services were begun by prayer.

Followed by a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of the Union Methodist Church.

The Annual Report was then read by one of the Secretaries of the Institution.

The Hon. Hugus Lamdin, of Boston, proposed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Report of the Board be accepted, and published under the direction of the Board.

Which was seconded by the Rev. John A. Clark, of St. Andrew's Church.

The resolution was then adopted.

A Hymn was then sung.

Horace Holden, Esq. of New York, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Sunday School System, whose influence so essentially affects the well-being of society demands from its friends, and the friends of the country, their continued and increasing patronage, watchfulness, and zeal.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, seconded the resolution.

And it was adopted.

Mr. Sloeum, of Ohio, then addressed the assembly, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Kirk, after the conclusion of whose speech was sung a Hymn.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Virginia.

After the meeting, the Society proceeded to the election of a Board of Managers for three years, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:

James R. Longley,	Solomon Allen,
Lewis R. Andrews,	John M. Krebs,
Samuel Ashhead,	John B. Trevor,
George McLeod,	John C. Perkins,
Hon. John Sanders, Massachusetts,	
C. Rockland Thompson, Pennsylvania.	
William Woostrom, New York.	

MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—On Tuesday evening, at the *Institution Portrait of Washington, &c, by R. Peale.*—Every one admires this, though not wholly faultless. The French school is perceptible in it. Fresh from Versailles, and the principal actors, and the minutest trifles are finished with the last skill.

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No. 125. *Lone Scene, England*, by *G. Jones, R. A.*—A pretty piece, with many beauties, and but it is far from being devoid of many faults. One of this painter from the monasteries of Shaw. There is a rich quiet—if we may use the term—about "The Lone Scene," furnished pleasing to the eye, and the artist had favored the exhibition with more of his productions.

No. 134. *May Morning*, by *C. C. Thompson.*—A pretty piece, but looking like a little country girl, such a one as many a time in "auld lang syne" has chased one over the verdant fields, or rambled in her best bonnet and beneath one's chair. She has just passed from a race, and is leaning listlessly forward. How deliciously inviting! Would that all the productions of the pencil of the artist has produced a picture so clashy and too often trifling.

No. 139. *The Hay Family, Gouda.*—What beside, what expression, what beauty in every look! After all it takes an Italian woman to inspire a painter, for no others can awaken such dreams of brightest and a better world, as the face which glow from the canvass of Raphael and Guido. Hazlitt said West never painted a head to his life, and if he had extended the remark to half the modern wonders, he would still have been right A single face, like those of Titian, like many real grandeur in a than series of canvass, covered with tawdry figures. And yet though now in now reasserting her supremacy your modern painters ten years ago were all the rage. We venture to predict that Haydn and West will see all their ventures will after all scarcely carry off the palm from those old rascals of Italians.

Nos. 150, 156, 159, 160. All seriously bad.

No. 161. *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by *J. Wildman.*—But here is our friend Gosky, with his good humored countenance, speaking in every line of the canvass. We don't like the hat, however, and we are sure it is not in keeping with his character, to keep it on whole so many fair faces are passing at him.

No. 180. *Portrait of a Lady*, by *J. Lambdin.*—An excellent likeness in the exhibition. A good picture.

No. 232. *Portrait of Gen. Wolf*, by *Kyle.*—An excellent picture. Mr. Kyle, is an artist of considerable merit.

No. 365. *The Greek Girl*—miniature—by *Osborne.*—A fine, bold, splendid face, with large liquid eyes, and an expression that reminds one of the Grecian beauty, but wanting the finish of the miniatures in the room. So also is its companion, number 367.

No. 366. *Portrait of an Artist*—miniature—by *Officer.*—The most delicate miniature on exhibition, unless the two subsequently to be named by the fickle end. The artist has caught the light and shade is admirable. The countenance is portrayed with unfeignable delicacy—looking can read the fidelity with which the ivory and eb-ish cheek are transferred to the ivory. The shadow cast by the former across the face of the artist, gives a fine effect to the picture.

No. 398. *Magdalen*—miniature—*Siga Nardus.*—The exquisite thing is only surpassed by "Ivory," the next picture in the catalogue, by the same delicate pencil. It is impossible to imagine any thing more beautiful than the carnation of the two miniatures. Ivory is copy after Guido, and the other after Carlo Dolci.

No. 422. *Daguerreotype Likeness*, by *Walcutt.*—Stated as the latest result of the late astonishing discovery, the Daguerreotype. The fidelity of the likeness is unexceptionable, but as the daguerreotype has no power to transfer the effect solely by light and shade, we do not consider it will ever become popular.

No. 435. *Medic head*, by *C. J. Mendell*, by *Hugh Cannon.*—This is very well executed. It does credit to the artist as well as to the patron. We must now close these desultory remarks. The artists of Philadelphia have reason to be proud of the collection, though there is still room enough for improvement, in almost every branch of their professions. There are, in short, a few good pieces in the Hall; but there are, we confess, many wretched ones. But let them pass on. Let them remember a harlequin but true saying, "*ni mediocres ni dieux ont.*"

The Anniversaries.

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The anniversary of this Association in the city, clerical and lay, and a very large congregation, assembled on Tuesday afternoon in the First Presbyterian Church, on Washington Square.

At four o'clock, the chair was taken by Alexander Henry, Esq. President of the Union.

The services were begun by prayer.

Followed by a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of the Union Methodist Church.

The Annual Report was then read by one of the Secretaries of the Institution.

The Hon. Hugus Lamdin, of Boston, proposed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Report of the Board be accepted, and published under the direction of the Board.

Which was seconded by the Rev. John A. Clark, of St. Andrew's Church.

The resolution was then adopted.

A Hymn was then sung.

Horace Holden, Esq. of New York, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Sunday School System, whose influence so essentially affects the well-being of society demands from its friends, and the friends of the country, their continued and increasing patronage, watchfulness, and zeal.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, seconded the resolution.

And it was adopted.

Mr. Sloeum, of Ohio, then addressed the assembly, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Kirk, after the conclusion of whose speech was sung a Hymn.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Virginia.

After the meeting, the Society proceeded to the election of a Board of Managers for three years, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:

James R. Longley,	Solomon Allen,
Lewis R. Andrews,	John M. Krebs,
Samuel Ashhead,	John B. Trevor,
George McLeod,	John C. Perkins,
Hon. John Sanders, Massachusetts,	
C. Rockland Thompson, Pennsylvania.	
William Woostrom, New York.	

MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—On Tuesday evening, at the *Institution*

From the above it appears that of an inland voyage of over 10,000 miles, the travel upon railroads amounted to more than one-third of the whole distance.

The speed upon railroads is 50 per cent. greater than that of steamboats, to which I have, however, to remark, that the passage in steamboats upon rivers was nearly exclusively up stream. The speed upon mountain roads is less than one third of that on railroads, the speed of canal boats only one-fourth. The average speed on the whole voyage, which is obtained by dividing the number of miles travelled by the time of voyage was 7½ miles, or half the speed on railroads.

The fare in steamboats and canal boats includes board, and is therefore the cheapest; the stage fares are 60 per cent. higher than the railroad charges, and the average rate per mile for the whole voyage was $ 3.10-0 cents.

The time spent in travelling, inclusive of stoppages, was 1525 hours. The stoppages amounted therefore to one fourth of 25 per cent. of the whole time occupied; and the average speed inclusive of stoppages, was 5.5.10th miles per hour.

Philadelphia, April, 1840.

New Publications.

THE CASKET AND PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE, *for June.*—This number is already issued, containing in addition to the usual steel engraving and the music, a magnificent plate of fashions highly colored. These fashions are of the highest order of engraving and coloring, and the current fashions for summer. The number sustains the literary quality of the Magazine We give the contents, and shall speak in our opinions of our brethren of the press for our next week's paper.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

The Bonny Pagods. Illustrated by a fine Steel Engraving; Leaves from a Lawyer's Port-Folio. Number six. Engraving and Coloring; Sold-fish. By Thomas G. Spear; Ode. By Myrtilus; English Reprints. By Jeremy Short, Esq.; The Green-wife. By J. Tunis; Pamphlets. By a Cynic; Fate of West Point; Stanzas. By Henry B. Hirst; The Falcon's Flight; The Rescued City; Cruising in the Last War. No. 11. The Shattered Dream. Arranged for the Piano Forte, by Edward Parry; Review of New Books.

COLLECTANEA GRÆCA MINORA.—*Translated for the use of Students—by A. Koerner, A. M. late Assistant Professor of Languages in Newark College.*—This is, for a literal translation, one of the best we have ever seen. The author is well known as a perfect master of the Greek, and one of the first instructors in them the country affords. His system of teaching is peculiarly successful, and experience only has to add to the confidence that we have known him to prepare Students thoroughly for College in one third of the usual time. Had he not been engaged in other pursuits, he would long since have been reaping the rewards which his worthy men are now enjoying

The present volume will be invaluable to students. Nothing is more perplexing for a learner than the idiome of a new language, and a translation literal and at the same time elegant, will be so precious to him as to the general reader. The work is for sale at the bookstore of J. Kelly, No. 341 Market street.

City News.

BRUTAL AND COLD BLOODED MURDER.—About 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, a most fatal and cold blooded murder was perpetrated in the bar-room of the tavern of Wm. Gunn, corner of Second and Market streets, Kensington. The unfortunate man was a negro, a man of very diminutive make, named Richard Brown, and the murderer a white man, by the name of Thomas Hall, formerly from Maine, but for some time past, residing in Kensington. It appears that Brown had been drinking in the bar-room of the tavern, and was somewhat intoxicated, when Hall, who had also been drinking, but was not intoxicated, commenced to abuse the negro, and finally struck him with his fist, when Brown, who was also much intoxicated as to be incapable of taking care of himself. We understand that directions will be given to-day for the removal from Moyamensing to the Blockley Almshouse.

RATHER TOUGH.—On Wednesday, Ald. Gerhard held to bail a colored woman, named Sarah Hallowell, for beating another colored woman, named Sarah Bailey. The parties were both employed in the family of Dr. Homesley, corner of Thirteenth and George streets, the former in the capacity of cook, and the latter as chamber maid. The quarrel originated from them occupied in the wash: telling the latter had stolen some soap, just before her retiring to bed on the night previous, with a knife in her hand, she struck at her Deborah, when the former fled an inquisitive spectator very much resembled Rot, the proprietor of the brutal number that encountered on Thursday, on the occasion.

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.—William Milner, a native of the present highly respectable Alderman of New Market ward, and formerly quite an active member of the Whig party, was on Monday morning committed to Moyamensing, by the Coroner, on the verdict of a jury, that he came to his death by having given himself repeatedly inflammation, and had lately been frozen previously brought before the Recorder and Aldermen, and by them sent to the Penitentiary for three months, for a violent assault and battery upon his wife, by paying that it is like an old bottle who must be made to drink or die. He is about forty-five thousand dollars in, my nine years, to paint this pile—for that sum, a good white marble building might be erected—and then the old fame upon second reading the Senate did nothing of any account.

SENATE.—The appropriation bill came to from the House. Mr. Farley then moved that it be referred to the joint committee on finance, instead of the committee on banks, to which it was originally referred. The motion caused considerable discussion, and was finally agreed to. Mr. Farley then moved to amend the bill by striking out the item of $100,000 appropriated to the Bank of Pittsburgh, and inserting the Bank of Pennsylvania, and the Bank of the State of Pennsylvania, and the Bank of Germantown, and the Bank of Northern Liberties, and the Farmers' Bank of Reading, and the Bank of Chambersburg, and the Bank of Gettysburg, and the Bank of Middletown, and the Bank of Harrisburg, and the Bank of Lancaster, and the Bank of Columbia, and the Bank of Wilkesbarre, and the Bank of Susquehanna county, and the Bank of Montrose, and the Bank of Bellefonte, and the Bank of Erie, and the Bank of Meadville, and the Bank of Franklin, and the Bank of Northumberland, and the Bank of Pittsburgh, and the Bank of Beaver, and the Bank of Washington, and the Bank of Brownsville, and the Bank of Uniontown, and the Bank of Carlisle

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Business Department.

To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when they order a discontinuance will give the *legal written notice*. A paper returned and marked "*refused*" is no notice under the law, and will receive no attention at our hands. It is impossible for us to find the post town at which a paper is received by the mere return of the paper, and it must in every case of discontinuance be given as well as the name of the subscriber. We are imperious in this matter. tf

☞ AGENCY.—Mr. C. W. James our agent at Cincinnati, Ohio, is authorized to appoint sub-agents. Our Western subscribers who do not remit by mail can pay their subscriptions into his hand. His office is on Harrison street, the first brick house east of Broadway.

☞ NEW YORK SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Wm. M. Christy is now on a collecting tour through the State of New York, and will pay our subscribers a visit. We hope that they will be prepared to receive him.

☞ NOTICE.—DELAWARE AND MARYLAND.—Mr. Richard M. Smith is now on a collecting tour for us through the States of Delaware and Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Our subscribers will please be prepared with smiling faces, and the ready change to welcome him.

☞ NEW ORLEANS.—Messrs. John F. Curns & Co. Periodical Booksellers, 13 Exchange Place, are the only authorised Agents for the Saturday Evening Post, and the Philadelphia Casket in New Orleans. They will also receive subscriptions for Texas, and forward the papers regularly by the packets. All Northern Periodicals and Magazines are for sale at their office.

To Correspondents.

"SIGMA" soon. He must excuse the unavoidable delay.

"DISCOVERY OF A SOUTHERN CONTINENT," we cannot insert. It has some good passages, but more faulty ones.

"STEPHANIE'S" answer next week.

"BEAUTIFUL QUEEN" is on file for insertion.

"W." has been received. Let him not despair. He has the elements of better things within him.

"T. B. R." we cannot publish for two reasons. It is a political song, and it is wretched poetry.

"STANZAS" by H. D. M. in our next.

"To MAY" next week.

"M. T. B's" enigma is on file.

NATCHEZ.—The loss to this city, effected by the late tornado is now estimated at over five millions of dollars. It is supposed that upwards of three to five hundred lives have been lost. Theatres, churches, villas, and ordinary dwellings, lie a shapeless mass of ruins. The force of the wind must have been incalculable. Shot, from the stores in town were found lodged in some hams on board of a steamboat, that had its deck blown off. Speaking of boats, out of seventy-five to one hundred flatboats lying at the landing, not over fifteen or twenty were saved. The papers there say that such is their situation, should a rain and a wind come upon them within a few days, every building still standing will sink to the earth, and all the city will be a heap of ruins.

There appears, however, to be a general turning out of the citizens of the adjoining towns for the relief of the sufferers. Grand Gulf, Rodney and Vicksburg each came forward nobly to their relief. There are some Shylocks there too, for we are told that even amid this scene of desolation, some of the citizens of Natchez are buying up all the provisions, in order to advance the price upon the necessitous. Is there a place hot enough for the purification by ordeal of souls so blackened with corruption.

THE CANNIBAL STORY.—We notice going the rounds of the papers a story that Capt. Rogers of the whale ship Beaver, of Hudson, lately arrived at New York from a three and a half years cruise, put a seaman named Gordon into the hands of the cannibals in the Pacific Ocean, for threatening to take his the captain's life. The account says that the captain gave the cannibals old rusty knives to slay and eat the man with, who was a married one belonging to Troy, where lives his family deprived of a protector. We look upon the story as a humbug, and we are only surprised that newspapers edited by men of intelligence, will copy such a ridiculous concoction, and lend it credit by a single serious remark. The whole account is a monstrous improbability, and though certified to by three seamen, is not strengthened much by that circumstance, since, if it were true they would swear to it, and not send forth a charge of so extraordinary and serious a kind without the sanctity of an oath.—We are familiar enough with seamen to know that when drunk they would make any statement calculated to injure the master of a ship whom they considered a strict disciplinarian. Gammon!

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*.—Capt. John B. Nicolson, to be a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners, from the 18th May, 1840.

John J. Young, to be a Commander in the Navy from the 15th April, 1840.

Henry French, to be a Lieutenant in the Navy from the 15th April, 1840.

Churchill C. Cambreleng, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia.

Aaron Vail, to be Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to Spain.

Leigh Read, to be Marshal of the Middle District of Florida in the place of J. G. Searcy, who declines that appointment.

Joseph B. Browne, to be Marshal of the U. States for the Southern District of Florida, from the 8th day of June next, when the term of service of the present incumbent will expire.

Thomas Gatewood, Naval Officer for the District of Norfolk and Portsmouth, in the State of Virginia, from the 6th of May, 1840, when his late commission expired.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The returns from Virginia, furnished by the Baltimore American, give 81 whigs and 23 democrats elected. Last year, the same districts stood 45 whigs and 30 democrats. The Globe gives 39 whigs and 27 democrats whose election is certain. Fifty-nine counties, which send sixty-eight delegates, remain to be heard from.

SPECIAL ELECTIONS.—Elections are to take place on the 15th June in the counties of Susquehanna and Chester, to fill the vacancies occasioned by the decease of Mr. Chandler and Mr. Swayne.

Financial Record.

BANK OF RICHMOND.—The exact deficit in money, as occasioned by the misconduct of Green and Dabney, is, according to official accounts, $546,681 19; of this there were $541,347 in checks, $401,724 in the the checks of Green, $72,053, Green and Crenshaw, the balance in the checks of houses principally connected with Green.

CAUTION.—We received a note, a few days since from Ohio, purporting to be on the North River Banking Company, New York. We caution our readers against them; for there is no such institution in being.

THE FUNDED DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The public funded debt of the United Kingdom, in 1825, was £781,123,229; in 1831, £757,486,997; and in 1839, £763,803,000. The amount of 3 per cent. Stock in 1825, was £523,386,887; in 1831, £500,950,533; and in 1839, £506,474,000.

THE TREASURY.—By an official statement from the Treasury Department, under date of the 1st inst. it appears that, of the several issues of Treasury post notes, there remain outstanding the amount of $1,256,985 71.

LOAN EFFECTED.—Governor Shannon, of Ohio, has returned from New York, where he succeeded in effecting a loan for $400,000 on moderate terms, to pay the contractors on the public works in his State.

TAKE CARE.—Two dollar notes of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of New Jersey, altered to ten's, are in circulation. They are clumsily executed.

TERRIBLE.—The Philadelphia cars ran over a sow in Baltimore on Monday.

General News.

ANOTHER MAY STORY.—Our readers will recollect that a Mr. Mory belonging to Towanda, in this State, suddenly disappeared not long ago from the Pearl Street House, in New York, and that it created quite a sensation. Well, he has now returned to his family, and his story is very much like that of Mr. May. "He says he left the Pearl Street House about 9 o'clock in the evening, at the time the bells were ringing for fire. He went to the fire, where he was robbed of his money. He then feared to return, and made up his mind to start for Canada. After arriving at Montreal he came to himself and began to think he had a family and had better take himself back to them. He did so, and arrived home safe and sound with the above pitiful tale of his wanderings, which fully explains his mysterious disappearance." Now this looks "very like a whale;" and it is strange too that both Mr. May and Mr. Mory should have made *Canada* their place of retreat.

THE CASE OF W. M. PRICE.—Wm. M. Price has brought an action against the government for fees amounting to $100,000. Bennett says:—"In 1837, there was a balance in favor of the Government in the Manhattan, the Mechanics', and other banks, amounting to two millions of dollars. Price was directed to commence suit against those institutions for the recovery of the money; but, instead of resorting to coercive measures, he deemed it conducive to the interests of the Government to open a negotiation, and the whole indebtedness was recovered without loss or deduction." His fees would have amounted to $100,000; and for that amount he brings his action. His indebtedness to the government is $82,000.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—A man named D. S. Peabody was arrested in New Orleans on the 14th inst. for having entered the premises of a Mr. Thomas Powell, on the previous night and discharged at him two pistols, loaded with powder and ball; the ball from one of which wounded him in the left hand and lodged in his breast. Really murder, and attempts at murder are becoming matters of daily occurrence in our country. Instead of "what's the news?" the common inquiry will be by and by "what's killed to-day?" and the answer "Oh! nothing important; two or three men, and a sick kitten!" Strange times these.

M. ADRIEN MURDERED.—Monsieur Adrien has been killed, in Alabama, by the husband of a woman whom he had been too familiar with. Adrien ran off, but was pursued and reached, while crossing a river in a boat. He jumped overboard and was shot while swimming for life. All our citizens remember M. Adrien, the magician. With all his art he could not spirit away a woman, without detection. Alas! for necromancy.

TORNADO IN VERMONT.—A hurricane passed through a portion of Windsor County, Vt. a week or two ago, by which a meeting house in Chester was considerably damaged, many chimnies blown down, and a number of houses severely injured.

MURDER.—In Lafayette, La. on the 9th inst. a Mr. Braux and a Mr. Reeves quarrelled about the payment of a small bill. Braux slapped Reeves in the face, when Reeves drew his knife and stabbed Braux, who died on the spot from the wound.

APPROPRIATE WELLERISM.—"We have met at *length*," as giant Porter said to giant Bihin. "It was *high* time," answered Bihin. "How *long* shall we be together?" asked Porter. "Just 16 feet," answered Bihin.

BLOWN UP.—An outbuilding of the St. Louis Arsenal, containing 100,000 cartridges, blew up on Sunday last, demolishing the house. There was a large quantity of gunpowder in an adjacent building, but it was saved.

NATIONAL EXCHANGES.—Mr. Vattemare's plan of national exchanges is exciting public notice. A great meeting was held in New York on Wednesday night, for the purpose of taking measures to induce our government to carry out the project.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.—She seems to be a profitable concern. She has been paying at the rate, so far, of 18 per cent. per annum on her cost to her stockholders. She has not made a trip, without making money.

MINT IN MEXICO.—The mint of Zacatecas, in Mexico, coined in 1833 and 1834, $11,890,000—last year only $4,745,233. A strange falling off, and one that has contributed something to diminish our specie capital.

CORONER.—The Coroner of New York was upset with his assistant out of a gig on Saturday night, and came near having an inquest held upon himself.—That would have been a Coroner's inquest. He was not much hurt however.

A DREADFUL DEED.—A young woman in Dillerville, Pa., was stabbed in the neck with a knife, by her father-in-law, on Tuesday last, because she would not tolerate his wicked advances. The stab was a terrific one, and she is still in danger.

A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.—The three New York pilots that were saved from drowning on the 1st of April, by Captain Roberts, of the British Queen, presented him on Wednesday last, a silver trumpet, as a token of gratitude.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A German attempted to shoot himself in Cincinnati on the 16th. The ball passed through his jaws, horribly mutilating, without killing him. A barber also tried to cut his throat, but the razor was too dull, and he did'nt.

FIRE AT PORTSMOUTH, R. I.—We learn from the Newport Mercury that the Woollen Factory belonging to Mr. E. W. Lawton, at Portsmouth, R. I., was burnt down on Friday evening—loss about $14,000—one half insured.

A CITY DELUGED.—The city of Cairo Ill. at the last advices was, some accounts say four and some ten feet, under water. A steamboat was engaged in removing its inhabitants to a "more elevated position."

RIVERS RISING.—The Mississippi, and its tributaries, are still going up. Innumerable plantations are already inundated. At Memphis, Tenn. the water rose 5 feet last week.

MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.—The President of a Debating Society in the West, is said lately to have decided that "the milk of human kindness" literally meant milk punch with a little nutmeg in it.

FELL ON DECK.—On Sunday, in New York, an inquest was held on the body of an Irishman who had fallen from the top-gallant mast of a schooner down upon the deck. He died speedily after the fall.

A QUEER COMPARISON.—The N. Y. Atlas, speaking of a picture in the National Academy, observes, "it is as fine as Florence's oysters, and as charming as his Sherry cobblers." That's perspicuous enough.

ANOTHER LIBEL SUIT.—The editor of the St. John New Brunswick Chronicle, has been sued for a libel on Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province.

TO BURN A THEATRE.—An attempt was made on Saturday last to burn the Chatham Street Theatre, New York, by means of friction matches, but did not succeed.

ATTEMPT TO ROB A BANK.—An attempt was made on Friday night the 15th inst. to break into the Commercial Bank of Scioto Ohio, by boring through the outside entry door, but without success.

PAYABLE AT SIGHT.—In Bordeaux a person refused to pay a note due *at sight*, because he wore green spectacles and *couldn't see* the instrument. There are a great many such green folks here.

DROWNED IN BALTIMORE.—A man between 70 and 80 years of age, was drowned at Baltimore on Friday. Verdict of the coroner's jury—Drowned by "*self-inclination*." Most sapient conclusion.

REIGN NOT OVER US.—The Nashville Whig beseeches Mr. Espy to leave the valley of the Mississippi, as they have already more rain than they know what to do with.

RICHMOND BANK TRIAL.—On Friday last Dabney was held to bail in the sum of $20,000, to stand trial for the alleged defalcation.

A MURDER.—James Fagan knocked down David Hillis, in New York, on Thursday, several times.—Hillis died same night.

SUICIDE.—Joshua Munroe, Esq. of Shaftsbury, Vt. a large stockholder in some of the Troy Banks, committed suicide. Cause unknown.

GODOLPHIN.—This work by Bulwer (until now unacknowledged by him) is contained in the new volume of his works, just published in London.

NOT TRUE.—The story of Mr. Blake, the President of the Wrentham Bank, having been saved from the wreck of the Lexington, is destitute of all foundation.

ANATOMY OF SUICIDE.—A new medical work with this singular title, is in progress of publication.

THE MURDER OF M. ADRIEN.—We mentioned on Tuesday the violent death of Monsieur Adrien, and just hinted at its cause. As a great many have desired us to give the particulars, we condense the following from a letter in the New York Courier of Monday: In Montgomery, Ala. he was fallen in love with by the lady of Dr. McLeod. She forced herself upon him and eloped, but was caught on a steamboat, her passion developed, and taken home. Adrien made for the woods, and unable to speak much English, wandered, almost frightened to death, until he he reached Hines' Ferry. He attempted here to cross the river in a boat, but the boat was stopped by the arrival of the husband, father and uncle of the erring lady, who threatened to shoot the ferryman if he did not hold on. Adrien jumped overboard, and while sinking in the attempt to swim, was shot dead by Dr. M'Leod. Much sympathy was felt for him; but the standing of his murderer, it was thought, would prevent any serious inquiry into the matter. Alas! for wall-eyed justice.

MORE OF THE STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—Four out of the five persons on board of the steamboat Greenfield, at the time of her explosion on the Connecticut river on Monday last, are known to be deceased. As both boilers bursted at once, of course the explosion was tremendous. No wonder Capt. Crawford was thrown up into the air; and it is only surprising that the freight boats attached to the steamer were not sunk along with her. The deceased by this lamentable accident are—Captain Crawford, Mr. Wood, of Brattleborough, the engineer, Mr. William Lancy, of Springfield, machinist and maker of the boiler and engine, and the fireman, Mr. Moss, of Northampton. Mr. Moses Cooley, of Springfield, is the only one that escaped.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.—The Chicago Democrat of the 11th says:—"On Saturday last, at 3 o'clock, P. M. John Stone, found guilty of the murder of Miss Lucretia Thompson, on Sunday the 25th ult. was brought into court and sentenced by Judge Pearsons, to be taken thence to the jail and kept until the 29th inst. Friday; when between the hours of 12 and 5 P. M. he is to be hanged by the neck until dead, and then his body handed over to Drs. Dyer and Boon for dissection, in accordance with the statute of this State."—Stone murdered Mrs. Thompson in a most inhuman manner because she would not suffer his advances, and he left her body in an open field, where it was half devoured by hogs.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—Letters from Lima, Peru, dated 11th Feb. state that Peru has declared war against Bolivia—that transports are about sailing with troops, and that the Bolivians are on the frontier of Peru with 9000 men. Also, that revolutionary movements are going on at Payta and Truxillo. Santa Cruz is growing stronger, and preparing to pounce upon President Gamarra and his party, with 10,000 men, from Bolivia and Upper Peru. These intestine wars and revolutions are bringing misery upon the country; poverty is staring the Government in the face at every turn.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—We learn from the New Orleans Courier, that on the 13th inst., the steam tow boat Grampus, when about 25 miles out at sea, as she was preparing to haul alongside of the schooner Victoria, burst her boilers, and did such injury to one side of her hull, that the boat went down in 10 minutes afterwards. Most of her crew got on board of the schooner, along with the wounded. The second engineer and two hands were killed, and the mate and two seamen severely wounded.

ANOTHER LONG, LOW, BLACK SCHOONER.—The schooner Canary, Cozens, at Wilmington, N. C., from St. Thomas, reports:—On May 7th, Porto Rico bearing S. S. W. 25 miles distant, saw a long, low, black, fore-and-aft schooner standing to the South, crossed my hawse about half a mile distant. When she got past me about three quarters of a mile, could see with my glass the decks were full, as many as 18 or 20 men; next day, saw her on my larboard quarter chasing me.

MRS. CHAPMAN.—Mrs. Chapman, *alias* Mina, the woman who murdered her husband a few years ago in Bucks county, and escaped punishment, died recently at Quincy, Florida, where she was travelling with her children as strolling players.

Ever since her acquittal, the ban of heaven has been upon her, and she has wandered miserable and destitute for upwards now of seven years. A lesson for remembrance.

MORE OF THE POISONING CASE.—The Recorder of New York, we mentioned, was, with others accidentally poisoned a few days ago. It seems that one of the bottles of wine of which they drank, contained oxalic acid. It had been in the bottle years before, and the bottler being not aware of it, had filled up with wine without properly cleansing the bottle. A piece of criminal negligence.

NEW YORK AND HER RAILROADS.—The Legislature of New York, at its recent session, appropriated $150,000 of State 6 per cent. stock to the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad. The sum of $100,000 in State stock is appropriated, in aid of the Long Island Railroad, so soon as $400,000 shall have been expended on the road by the company. The roads and incomes to be mortgaged to the State as security.

DUELLING A CRIME.—The Court of Assize of Versailles sentenced, on the 21st, to three years imprisonment, an individual named Dubant, for killing his adversary in a duel, although it was proved that he had been challenged and thrice interrupted the combat, and proposed a reconciliation. His second was condemned to two years imprisonment, and the friend of the deceased acquitted.

DEATH OF GEN. SCOTT.—By the arrival of the steamboat Ione, says the St. Louis Bulletin, we learn that Gen. Joseph Scott, agent for the Sacs and Fox Indians, died on the 5th inst., on the Desmoine river.—The death of Gen. S. will be much regretted by the western public, as he was extensively and favorably known.

FROM MEXICO.—News from Tampico to the 5th via the N. Orleans papers of the 12th is at hand. On the first inst. there were six Federal armed vessels off Campeachy, and two supposed to be Texans. A Spanish brig had entered Campeachy with provisions, and an English armed vessel with troops. From the interior, no news reported.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—Letters to the 8th of March from Montevideo, state a prospect of raising the blockade shortly, as negociations have commenced between the Buenos Ayres Government and the French Consul. The conference took place on the 22th Feb. on board H. M. ship Active, in the outer Roads.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.—Two young men at Chambersburg, Pa., on Friday last took some cedar oil in mistake for peppermint. One of them died, the other is recovering.

A SMALL MUTINY.—Among the U. States troops at Pilatka, Fa., a mutiny occurred on the 8th inst. Lieut. Merrill was assaulted, but discipline, after a sharp contest, was restored.

CONSUL TRIST.—He is awaiting the action of Congress; in the meantime Capt. Wendall, whom he injured, has commenced a private suit against him—damages $30,000.

THE STEAM SHIP ARGYLE.—The British steam ship Argyle, lately arrived at New Orleans, is not a very large affair. The N. O. Sun says, she has been hired to run as a ferry boat across the river.

CONSUL'S DEATH.—On the 23rd of April last, the United States Consul at Tobasco, died suddenly. He was to have returned home in a few days.

A CAUTION.—A little girl was almost killed in Springfield, Mass., by eating peach stone meats. They contain a violent poison—prussic acid.

FELL ON HIM.—An inspector of lumber was killed in New York on Tuesday by a pile of boards falling upon him. His name was Hinchman.

NEGROES GOING.—One hundred and eighteen went per brig Isaac Franklin from Baltimore for Trinidad last Tuesday.

COST OF DRUNKENNESS.—A drunken man fell from a cart and the wheel of it cut his head, in Baltimore, on Monday.

A MAIL GONE.—The stage carrying the Palmyra and Iowa mail was upset last week in a creek, and carried away.

KILLED BY A BANK.—A man named Heyweiser, was killed in Gettysburg last Monday, by the falling upon him of a bank of earth.

RATHER DOUBTFUL.—At New Orleans, the noise of the late tornado at Natchez was distinctly heard—so it is stated. We doubt it.

SENTENCED.—Noah M. Thomas was sentenced at Fonda, N. Y., to be hung on the 25th June, for a murder in Florida last November.

PROFESSOR ESPY.—He is in Baltimore. Look out for squalls.

MAD DOGS.—Two were killed at Baltimore on Friday and Saturday.

COTTON CROPS.—The rain has almost destroyed the cotton crops of Arkansas.

ST. AUGUSTINE, May 15.—The Savannah Georgian states that Gen. Armistead has ordered a concentration of 900 men at Fort King, on the 23d of this month. They will be composed of footmen and horsemen, and operate in divisions of 100 each, independent of each other, in the enemy's country. The season for gathering their grain is near at hand, as well as assemblages for their green corn dance, and should the scouts come upon them, we may hope for results differing at least from those which have been experienced for the last twelve months.

UNCOMMON HONESTY.—The Baton Rouge Gazette speaks of a man named Spears, who found the wreck of a flat-boat floating down the Mississippi from Natchez, and in it upwards of $5,000, all of which he immediately delivered to the Parish Judge of Pointe Coupee. This is such a singular and unparalleled piece of honesty, for one who has been compelled to inhale the soul-staining atmosphere of that region, that we must be excused, if we pause for corroboration ere we can credit it.

PRINTING BOTH SIDES.—A press is in operation at Providence, Rhode Island, entitled "Wilkinson's Double Cylinder," that prints *both sides* of a sheet at the same time, and is capable of throwing off 14,000 copies per hour. This is too wonderful for belief.—What an extraordinary improvement over the slow and laborious movement of old times, when 250 sheets an hour was considered good work, if effected by an experienced workman.

JUVENILE THIEVES.—Four boys named John Fitzpatrick, William Ruby, Solomon Gould and Michael O'Brien, have been arrested in Concord, Massachusetts, as noted house-breakers and thieves. They had previously done considerable business in the way of burglary, in Boston. A constable named Clapp, caught them when he was disguised as a sailor, for they exhibited uncommon cunning as well as dexterity. This is really a precocious age.

VICKSBURG RAILROAD.—The Vicksburg Sentinel of the 15th says, "The whole line of the road from Baker's Creek to Clinton, a distance of twelve miles, was by the late rain literally swept away, bridges, culverts, framing rails and embankments.—It had been in operation only a few days, and $60,000, it is said, will not repair the damage." Very bad stock that.

ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE.—A man named Wilson mysteriously disappeared from Northampton, (Mass.) on the 14th inst. and has not since been heard of.—Some uneasiness is felt for his safety, especially by Mr. Clapp, jailer, who had him in charge for horse stealing. We have no doubt of it, and we should like to have Mr. Clapp's hands inspected. We guess they have been anointed.

FELL OVERBOARD.—It is a very common, but a very fool-hardy practice, to attempt to jump on board of a steamboat, after it has left for a foot or so, the wharf. In this endeavor a man on Saturday last, at the Catharine Ferry, Brooklyn, fell short and struck against the edge of the boat, was thrown into the water and drowned.

SWORD EXERCISE.—Henry Develin was taken up in Baltimore on Tuesday, for seriously attacking his wife with a broadsword. She and her six children were sent to the almshouse. The Clipper says:—"Such monsters as the husband ought to be brought to justice, and if he have the *devil-in*, it ought to be driven *out*."

Matrimonial Exports.

In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying a shipment of these matrimonial exiles, dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the manners of the times, and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony and for female virtue. It is as follows:

"We send you a ship, one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendation.

"In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives, till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our Honorable Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore have given this fair beginning, for the reimbursing of whose charges it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred and twenty pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them.

"Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived and married to servants; but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their will."

SULPHUR SHOWER.—The following is from the St. Louis New Era of the 29th of April.

A correspondent calls our attention to a singular fact attending the heavy rain on Saturday last. A yellow substance, resembling Sulphur, fell during the rain, and was to be found in considerable quantities upon the surface of the water in cisterns, next morning. The writer thinks it may be of interest to the philosophical, especially to the supporters of Professor Espy's doctrine.—This substance may yet be found upon the water in some of the cisterns.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

			price sold for.	par
1121	shares	United States Bank,	75$\frac{1}{2}$a77	100
63	do.	Mechanics Bank,	35$\frac{1}{2}$a35$\frac{1}{2}$	30
56	do.	Manufac. & Mec. Bank,	43	50
324	do.	Girard Bank,	38$\frac{1}{2}$a40	50
20	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	97$\frac{1}{2}$	100
27	do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	52$\frac{1}{2}$a53$\frac{1}{2}$	50
45	do.	Western Bank,	43	50
10	do.	Penn Township Bank,	52	50
10	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	64	100
30	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	74$\frac{1}{2}$	100
28	do.	Grand Gulf Bank,	34	100
130	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	14a15$\frac{1}{2}$	100
45	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	45$\frac{1}{2}$a46	50
5	do.	Phil. & Trenton RR.	110	100
25	do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	119a120	100
22	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	45$\frac{1}{2}$a46	50
9	do.	Philadelphia Museum,	55	100
17	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	84	50
5	do.	Phil. Exchange Co.	60$\frac{1}{2}$	100

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.—Full attraction and unprecedented combination of novelty and talent—MONS. BIHIN, the BELGIAN GIANT!—The tallest, best proportioned, and strongest man in the world. Whose extraordinary appearance, wonderful performance, and incredible feats of strength, caused the greatest excitement, and attracted crowded houses in Paris and London, and recently at New York, has been engaged at this Museum, and may be seen during the day and evening. Hours from 11 A. M. till 4 P. M. and from 7 till 9$\frac{1}{2}$ P. M.

THE GIANT.—In consequence of the continued daily increase of visiters to the Museum to see his highness Mons. Bihin—he has been induced to prolong his stay for one week more, where he may be seen every day and evening. Dr. Valentine has also been engaged for the same time, who will give his Delineations of Eccentric Characters every evening.

DR. VALENTINE, the celebrated Delineator of Yankee and other Eccentric Characters, will give his entertainment consisting of Snips, Snaps, Scraps, and Oddities and Fun!

Tickets 25 cents, or five for $1.

TEMPERANCE NOTICE.—There will be a stated meeting of the Temperance Beneficial Association, Tyng Branch, No. 16, on Tuesday evening next, June 2d, in the Church on 12th above Race, Rev. Mr. Gillett's. Persons wishing to become members of the society are respectfully invited to attend, or hand their names to the secretary, residing in North 4th two doors below Race. THOS. ROBINSON, Presd.

L. CHAMBERLAIN, Sec'y. my 30—1t

TO EMIGRANTS removing to the West.—ILLINOIS LANDS.—The undersigned has received a Power of Attorney from John Grigg, of Philadelphia, for the sale of his Lands in the following counties of the State of Illinois, viz:

Morgan, Cass, Scott, Greene, Macoupin, Sangamon, Logan, Menard, Macon and M'Lean.

And gives public notice to all interested, that now is the time to make such selections as they may desire.

The undersigned will receive propositions from those wishing to purchase, and is authorised to close contracts on very fair and liberal terms; particularly to all those who may wish to make improvements.

Applications either in person or by mail, (post paid) will receive prompt attention by the subscriber, at Jacksonville, Illinois. D. B. AYRES.

TO TEACHERS.—Rand's Introduction to Penmanship, (New Series) is just completed in eight parts. In these books the whole art is laid down so simply and at the same time in a manner so regularly progressive both in outline and engraved examples, that the young beginners as well as those more advanced in the art may acquire an elegant and expeditious business hand in a short time, without any other instructions than those to be found on the covers.

They have been adopted by the controllers of public schools for the city and county of Philadelphia, etc. and are highly recommended by the first artists and teachers in the city.

For sale at the principal bookstores, and by the publisher, at 105 south Ninth street, Philadelphia. my 16—3t* B. O. RAND.

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.—These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors and Presidents of Colleges, Physicians of the Army and Navy and of Hospitals and Alms-houses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGH, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflamation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL and SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appropriated Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States. my 16—3m

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

And see the Bliss soon meets.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Let me see him once more,
For a moment's view,
Let him tell me himself
Of his partner, fate, &c.
Let him gaze in those eyes
While he lays on his pain
To escape me—and then—
He may go—if he can!

Let me see him once more,
Let me give him one smile,
Let me breathe but one word
Of repentance the while:
I ha, ha! that moment—
My life on the same!
Does he think to regret me?
He may—if he can!

UNPARALLELED PRIMNESS.—Isn't he a fine child" said a young mother to a visitor, as she proudly exhibited her first born. "The hand, natural boy I ever saw." "yes, of course, the instant reply of the old bachelor to whom the appeal was made. "Yes; bless his little heart!" exclaimed the better half author of the little bantling: "and he very *forward* of his age, don't you think?" "Very *forward*," said the echo. And, as the young matron removed the cap from her Bobby's head, the inexperienced bachelor continued, in evident amazement, "Bless me!—he is forward! I never before saw a person *build knitted so soon!*"

THE WAY TO WIN A KISS.—A late lawyer used to tell this story of a brother barrister. As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thou must not make a practice of it."

ARISTOCRACY.—"We are born in haste," says an American writer; "we finish our education on the run; we marry on the wing; we make a fortune at a stroke, and lose it in the same manner, to make and lose it again in the twinkling of an eye. Our body so locomotive, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; our soul is a high pressure engine; our life is like a shooting star, and death overtakes us at last like a flash of lightning."

Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey.

SCRAPE.—A senior member of the western bar, of private memory, lately met by a small grey headed republican, who had been refreshing himself pretty well with *eye tea*, and was thus accosted:—Well, we are both getting grey!—"Yes," replied the counsellor, "and one of us has a little *blue*."

BRIM.—I find great pleasure in thinking to myself, that the songs of the birds I hear around me have not changed for thousands of years, but are the same now as they were in Paradise; and when I see herds of passage, I reflect that the same noon which glistens on my ear now, perhaps charmed a listener in Asia or Africa a few weeks before.

ARABIAN STORY.—A story is told of an Arabian—Richardson—who was in prosperous, and yet a poor, that a thief coming into his chamber to steal, and finding nothing, the Arabian called to him on he was going away, and gave him his own cloak—saying—"it was a pity he should go away empty-handed after all his labor."

CONFIDANTS.—Love is often a heavier burden for a man to bear than for a woman; for every woman, by a kind of instinct, has one friend, by whom she confides all her secrets, and eases herself by talking about them: but a man is ashamed to confess his sufferings and often conceals them till they wound and rankle.

PETTY TROUBLES.—How I pity a man of genius who is afflicted with the petty troubles that beset our life, who must earn his bread when he wants to write, and get out of debt before he can make himself immortal! It is like seeing a tree full of the choicest fruit, with lots of children hanging to dry on the branches.

THE RUINS OF AMERICA.—John Neal says the ruins of America are the live wreck of a prodigious empire that has departed from the earth within the memory of a man, the last of the people else here or hereby, and who had the other day were in possession of a quarter of the whole earth.

THE TABLES TURNED.—THERE is a Yankee going about the country with a face as red and bright that he takes *Daguerreotype impressions* with a mirrord of the sun. They say he even goes so fr as to take impressions of that luminary, for fear losing so much brighter that the sun is unable to reflect when he is about.

OF ANAGRAM.—You may safely believe any exaggerations of the poets about misers, for the uniformity of their garnets has been great for he found anything poetry has invented. The miser is the only one who might to repose at the flight of home. For every day that passes by gives him so much more interest.

AN IRISH JUROR.—The Arkansas Star tells a story of an old knife in the possession of a man in that State, which formerly belonged to his grand father. There had been four new blades and *one new handles* put to it since it was first used, but it was the same old knife after all.

ANSON ON PLACE.—A Welch Judge, famous both for his neglect of personal cleanliness and his insatiable appetite for place, once more addressed by Mr Jekyll "My dear sir, as you asked the counsel for every thing else, why have you never asked him for a piece of soap and a clean shirt?"

PATRIOTISM.—"Mother," said an urchin one day in May, "how long is it before the 4th of July?" "Not much from to-morrow," was the reply.—"I'll be darn'd if I'll wait," says Bob, "give me my crackers and I'll go 'to-morrow.'"

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the "Phaeton" of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer "for many's the time I've upset your honor in a ditch two-score ago."

A gentleman, upon being asked whether he was seriously inquired when a steamboat hailer exploded is said to have replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife, that never steam had no effect on him.

CHAPTERS.—Chapters are like stone seats set up level on the long road through a book, to give the reader a chance to rest himself and look behind him.

MEN AND WOMEN.—A woman's head is always influenced by her heart, but a man's heart is generally influenced by his head.—*Lady Blessington.*

GERMAN AUCTIONEER.—A German writer observes that in Germany there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

TIME.—A house built for a shelter, a dwelling of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption: a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten.

EXCESS.—A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

SUPERFLUITY OF THE BRAIN.—There are many great stumbling of the brain—philosophy, coffee, and cheer.

THE TWO FATHERS.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

There was the sound of stifled sobbing through out the whole house, for there were entered on all the hearths, and by the glimmer of neglected lights small groups of weeping friends were sitting in remote corners, or now and then uttering a few words from which all the tones of hope had faded away, and that struck their hearts, as uttered, like the low toll of the passing bell. In one apartment there was a perfect hush, and no more motion than on a frozen sea. Therein lay on her death-bed, her still breathing, sweet child as ever folded hands before God,—over her countenance, white, as the shrouded sheet, her parents had long been hanging, and dropping their last kisses on the closed unconscious eyes—he whose shill had been in vain bestowed on the sufferer night and day, stood at the foot of the couch with a solemn calm overspread with that profound pity which melteth not in tears—and the body man who had continued to read to her the words of him who died to save sinners, even after her speech was gone and her resignation was seen only in a few fast vanishing smiles, now kneeled before his other knee in the ground, and in the very moment of her soul's departure to heaven remained in the posture of reverential prayer. The change from life to death, gradual as it may have been, had come on so softly, that the fond heart that beholds it with a pang as sudden as it there had been no previous despair. There had been a kind irregular breath of the spirit, that seemed unsensible to earthly troubles. Drenched were his wrinkled cheeks with tears, and he knew that his white hairs down eaves to the flowers that vanished in the moonlight on a grassy grave.

"O my son! pray thou also for thy poor old father! for know that only a few hours before I left my house to pray by little Emeline's bed, my daughter—the sole daughter of my age—knelt down by my knees—my Lucy! my Lucy like thy Emeline—no more—no more than dust."

O the great goodness and the exceeding love of the immune heart, that all-loking him knew that he required the inspiration of a heaven-born faith! Utterly desolate was now the house of this aged summer of religion: no one now to accompany him on his journey—no one to read the Gospel in morning and evening prayer—to watch the daily change that steals over the face and the frame of those we have dearly reached the middle of the pilgrimage; and to close his eyes at last when willingly they shall have become blind to this weary world!

The son now laid himself down at his father's feet, and in tenderest and most reverential endearments besought them to spread the blanket in his room, and to take his rest. But the old man would now turn to be to the comforter; and in that awful trance, his own affliction changed into a sudness near akin to peace. He remembered that there was another than he whose heart was full of wife, so beautiful in her resignation, and at that very hour cheered and strengthened by dreams of immortality. Rising up from his knees before him; the penitence contained in the Book of Life, bother and former for than any tower that can ever be written by man, and his father's voice, by the cause concluded in those scriptural expressions so charged with love divine; and between the place of the dead and the living, he found himself at once tranquil and without a groans, and the light of all those glorious stars and constellations, spread for a moment the shadow of a Cross.

Then the son first spoke, and after that short fit of passion, his soul had subsided into the habitual and holy calm that kneeds over their obedient prayers of the aged. "Father, I am your son, and I will be faithful unto you, by a gracious dispensation of Providence, he comes subdued in all its affections. Infancy time I can conceive of earth, and in my place, and others, but when standing on the confines of another world, rightly considers all such emotion as its own care vanity of vanities. The past is as a painful or a pleasant dream: the future is felt to be the sole reality. He had parted with his daughter for a little while, and why should he feel himself thus to be lonely, the image of his beloved dead. "Too good was she," they said: "too beautiful to live long;" and she who had exulted her from her birth when to see, showed that her cast off during her last mortal sleep, while many a tear fell on its golden glow from eyes that had wept for years, and sentiments expressed by those humble folk most affecting in their purity and solemnity:—such is the influence of the dust.

Hurried left were buried descending the stair, and the funeral died away at a distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other above the waist, lay the mother at a profound sleep.' Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelical smile was on both,—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had left the house of lamentation, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, non alone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power of some invisible spirit, toward the solitary church that stood, among its multitude of burial heaps, under the gloom of an old pine grove, and beneath the moon that lit it up, a ruine darkened with trees, and filled with the constant flounder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unspoiled he passed along the copse of porpiquets, and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drave him along: for his soul in the passion roused to larger grapple with feelings, and it knew not that it was there. Yet it must dismal death. Misery more than man could endure was quaking at his heart—but his ruinous as no shadow, that had lost half, told of some why if all God's creatures on this wretched earth be should be the most wretched, and thus ordered of for ever and ever into the hateful wilderness.

There came a pause to his agony, and lifting up his eyes, once more he knew the heavens, and wept. Then the image of his child lay before him, with its face looking up to all those glorious luminaries, and he remembered that she was dead. He sat was a gravestone—the stoolness of the church-lonely lay across the moonlight burial ground—and the far off mysterious murmur of midnight was as a sound from another world.

Then arose, in the heart of that lonesome church yard, the clamor of a grief that knew not how great it was, till far away from human voice and ears, it thus poured itself forth like a torrent, sounding along when all living things were asleep. All the blessings that Providence had bestowed,—one many, so many, so high, and so undeserved,—were now all forgotten, or remembered in bitterness of spirit, almost, with an upbraiding ingratitude. "What means the goodness of God, since he has gathered all his gifts into one and then destroyed them all by one dread decree! Hellish, or better far, that she had never been born, than that stricken such as her heart must be since they have all passed away,—that mine eyes had never seen her breathing in prayer—that—oh then, then, and then alone, shall I be comforted, when I have ordered none for even I—I—as it is that one figurine is dead,—and must, soon to be buried among those loathsome things that I cannot bear to himself down on a cold stone slab, green with the moisture of many years, and writhing like a wounded worm, muttered curses on his own and his neighbours' prosperity, and on the dead, and prayers in behalf of her over whom, although to now knew it not, God had thrown the mantle of a profound sleep, and of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

A shadow moved over the church yard, there was a sound as of steps, and the miserable man left himself in the presence of some one whom he cannot for the moment. The feeling of that intrusion disturbed his grief,—something like shame for his weakness blended with the recollection of the profound sleep, and of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

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